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Poetry.

For the Mercury.
VICTORY.
BY ELLEN.

"Let us do justice." It was night and gloom,
An hour of troubled fear, of parents' strange;
A meteor blazed across the tranquil stars,
Earth reeled, foreboding of a coming change.
And scarce a mile apart, opposing flags,
Defied each other. Some men prayed for peace,
Some said "concession," while the prophetic
cried:
"Thus saith the Lord; bid all oppression cease."
Some cried: "Nay, give us back the time of
old."
Some shouted: "Lead us to the battle plain."
Some, reined the steeds of Right and Progress
back.
Some thanked God for the sacrifice of pain,
While holy armies of the martyrs speak
Calmly and steadily amid the din:
"Do justice, better far your land should sleep
Beneath th' Atlantic waves, than harbor sin."
Justice hung forth her scales upon the sky,
So balanced that a breath decides the fate,
And hark we feared the hour of grace would pass,
And mercy's presence could but come too late;
But while they hung there, half reluctantly
With secret pleasure, hoping, still afraid,
The leader of the people ended doubt,—"he
said, 'O shall we not do righteousness?' he said,
"So I give victory!" thundered through the sky.
We heard its echo in the onward tread,
Of all our thousands bearing on their flag
A cross the ramparts whence the foe had fled;
We heard it in the nation's shouts of joy,
The night birds went singing on their way,
To rival the glad sunshine of the day.
Justice is victory's mother. She goes first;
And where she leads her child will follow on,
Nor fall in the path for night or force,
Nor fail if thousands should oppose her one.
Throw down the bars, till wide o'er all your land
The step of Justice pass, untrammelled, free;
So God will bless you as he wills with his smile,
And lead your armies on to victory.

THE TEMPEST.

BY REV. WM. N. THAYER.

All silent nature lay,
Unfettered by a stirring breeze;
Not a note was heard of songster's lay,
Nor a rustle on the trees.
The sky was clear and bright,
As a crystal sea of glass,
Save a little speck that flared light
O'er the sun was seen to pass.
No fear was awakened then,
That little cloud flew by,
That germ of a tempest lay therein,
That would burst and shake the sky.
The sun went on his track;
And the floating speck it spread,
And hung in the summer sky, as black
As a pall upon the dead.
Then rose the tempest-god,
And he spoke with thunders loud;
And he hurled his fiery bolts abroad,
From his seat upon the cloud.
He gave his steeds the rein,
As the winds terrific blew;
And the chariot rattle the vaulted plain,
As his whirlwind couriers flew.
The nations looked on high,
As they heard the rattling peals;
And the lightning darted from his eye,
And the thunder from his wheels.
Swift on he drove his fleet,
And down the east he sped,
With the frowning cloud beneath his feet,
And a rainbow on his head.

Useful Hints.

BRASSES, Britannia Metals, Tins, Coppers, &c.,
are cleaned with a mixture of rotten-stone, soft
soap, and oil of turpentine, mixed to the consis-
tency of stiff putty. The stone should be pow-
dered very fine and sifted; and a quantity of the
mixture may be made sufficient to last for a long
while. The articles should first be washed with
hot water, to remove grease. Then a little of the
above mixture, mixed with water, should be
rubbed over the metal; then rub off briskly, with
dry clean rag or leather, and a beautiful polish
will be obtained.
BRASSES tainted with onions—leaves of parsley,
caten with vinegar, will prevent the disagreeable
consequences of eating onions.
BURNINGS may be checked in their early devel-
opment by binding the joint with adhesive plaster,
and keeping it on as long as any uneasiness is
felt. The bandaging should be perfect, and it
might be well to extend it round the foot. An
inflamed bunion should be poulticed, and larger
spreads be worn. Iodine twelve grains, lard or
spermaceti ointment half an ounce, makes a capital
treatment for bunions. It should be rubbed
on gently twice or three times a day.
SOFT CORNS may be relieved by placing a small
piece of lint between the toes; or be rubbed occa-
sionally with sweet oil.
GILT FRAMES may be protected from flies and
dust by oiling tarlatan pinned over them. Tarla-
tan already prepared may be purchased at the
apothecaries. If it can not be procured, it is cas-
ily made by brushing boiled oil over cheap tarla-
tan. It is an excellent material for keeping dust
from books, vases, wood-work, and every de-
scription of household ornament.
SALT BUTTER may be freshened by churning it
with new milk in the proportion of a pound of
butter to a quart of milk. Treat the butter in all
respects in churning as fresh. Cheap earthen-
ware churns for domestic use may be had at any
hardware shop.
CARBAGE water should be thrown away imme-
diately it is done with, and clean water thrown
after it, or it will give rise to unpleasant smells.
A little charcoal thrown with clear water into a
sink will disinfect and deodorize it.
LAMP WICKS—Old cotton stockings may be
made into lamp wicks, and will answer very
well.
CRANFLOWER flowers should be gathered on a
dry day, and dried upon a tray placed in the sun;
all herbs should be treated in the same manner.

Miscellaneous.

GEN. McCLELLAN'S DREAM.

The following is from the pen of Wes-
ley Bradshaw, Esq., and makes a fitting
companion to "Washington's Vision,"
which sketch, written by the same author,
at the commencement of our national dif-
ficulties, was widely copied by the press,
and commended by Hon. Edward Everett,
as "teaching a highly important lesson to
every true lover of his country."—*Es.*

Two o'clock of the third night after Gen.
McClellan's arrival in Washington, to take
command of the United States army, found
that justly celebrated soldier poring over
several maps and reports of scouts. As
the hour came tolling through the night,
together with the dull rumbling of army
wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied
hero, pushing from his maps and reports,
leaned his forehead on his folded arms
upon the table before him, and fell into a
sleep so deep that even the occasional
booming of the heavy guns, being placed in
position on the intrenchments, was insuffi-
cient to disturb it.

"I could not have been slumbering thus
more than ten minutes," said the General
to an intimate friend, to whom he related
the strange narrative, when I thought the
door of my room, which I had carefully
locked, was thrown suddenly open, and
some one strode to me, and laying a hand
upon my shoulder, said, in a slow, solemn
voice:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at
your post? Rouse you, or ere it can be
prevented, the foe will be in Washington!"

Never before in my life have I heard a
voice possessing the commanding and even
the terrible tone of the one that addressed
to me these words. And the sensation
that passed through me, as it fell upon my
ears, and I coweringly shrunk into myself
at the thought of my own negligence, I
can only compare to the whistling, shriek-
ing sweep of a storm of grape shot, dis-
charged directly through my brain. I
could not move, however, although I tried
hard to raise my head from the table. As
a sense of my willingness, and yet help-
lessness to make answer to the unknown
intruder, oppressed me, I once more heard
the same slow, solemn voice repeat:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at
your post?"

There was a peculiarity about it this
time; it seemed as though I—a mere atom
of water—was suspended in the centre of
an infinite space, and that the voice came
from a hollow distance all around me. As
the last word was uttered, I regained, by
some felt and yet unknown power, my vo-
lition, and with the change, the grape shot
discharge sensation in my brain ceased, and
a strange but now one seized my heart, one
as if a huge, rough icicle was being sawed
back and forth through and through me. I
started up, or rather I should say I thought
I started up, for whether I was awake or
asleep, I am unable to decide. My first
thought was about my maps, and before
my eyelids had half opened, my hand was
grasping them. But this was all. The
table was still before me, and the maps all
crumpled in my tightening clutch, were
still before me, but everything else had dis-
appeared. The furniture was gone, the
walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling
was not to be seen. All I saw was the
tableau I am about to describe to you.

My gaze was turned Southward, and
there, spread out before me, was a living
map; yes, a living map; that is the only
expression I can think of as befitting the
scene. In one grand coup d'oeil, my eye
took in the whole expanse of country, as
far South as the Gulf of Mexico, and from
the Atlantic Ocean on the East, to the Mis-
sissippi river westwardly.

Before fully fixing my attention upon the
immense scene, however, I thought of the
mysterious visitant, whose voice I had
heard but a moment previous, and I looked
toward him. An apparition stood on my
left somewhat in front, at a distance of
about six feet from me. I sought for his
features, hoping to recognize him. But I
was disappointed, for the statue-like figure,
was naught but a vapor, a cloud, having
only the general outlines of a man. This
troubled me, and I was turning the matter
over in my mind, when the shadowy vis-
itor, in the same slow, solemn tone as be-
fore, said:

"General McClellan, time is short!—
Look to the southward!"

I felt unable to resist the command, even
had I wished to do so, and again, there-
fore, my eyes were cast on the living map.

Out on the Atlantic I saw the various
vessels of the blockading squadron looming
up with the most perfect distinctness in
the bright moonshine, that illuminated every-
thing with a strong, but mellow light. I
saw Charleston harbor and its forts, with
their pacing sentinels, and sullen-looking
barbette guns. My eyes followed the ocean
line all the way round to the Gulf, to
New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi.

Fort Pickens, and in fact, every for-
tification along this water boundary. I be-
held with as much distinctness as you, sir,
see that Corporal's guard passing there.

This sight filled me with delightful sur-

prise; but it would be impossible for me
to describe the ecstatic amazement that
followed, as within the limits I mention,
my eyes took in, in minute, but lightning-
like detail, every mountain range, every
hill, every valley, every forest, every mead-
ow, every river, every city, every camp,
every tent, every body of men, every set-
tlement, every earthwork, every cannon, and
I may say, dispensing with further detail,
every living and every dead thing, no mat-
ter what its bulk or height.

My blood seemed to stop in its channels
with joy, as I thought that the knowledge
and thereby advantage, thus given to me,
would insure a speedy and happy termina-
tion of the war. And this one idea was
engrossing my mind, when once more that
slow, solemn voice said:

"General McClellan, take your map, and
note what you behold. Tarry not; your
time is short!"

I started, and glancing at the unearthly
speaker, saw him extend his arms and
point southwardly.

Still I saw no features. Smoothing out
the largest and most accurate one of my
maps, I seized a pencil, and once more
bent my gaze out over the living map. As
I looked this time, a cold, thrilling chill
ran over me, and the huge, rough icicle be-
gan its sawing motion through my heart.
For, as pencil in hand, I compared the
masses of the enemy's forces being hurled
to certain points so as to thwart move-
ment that, within a day or two, I in-
tended to make at those identical points;
while on two particular approaches to
Washington I beheld heavy columns of the
foe posted for a concentrated attack, that
I instantly saw must succeed in its object
unless speedily prevented.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried I, in
de-air. And, as before my blood seemed
to stop in its channels for joy, it now did
so for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to
stare me in the face. At this dreadful
moment, that same slow, solemn voice,
struck once more upon my ears, saying:

"General McClellan you have been be-
trayed! and, had not God willed other-
wise, ere the sun of to-morrow had set, the
Confederate flag would have floated above
the Capitol and your own grave. But
note what you see. Your time is short.
Tarry not!"

Ere the words had left the lips of my
vapor-mentor, my pencil was flying with
the speed of thought, transferring to the
map before me all that I saw upon the liv-
ing map. Some mysterious and unearthly
influence was upon me, and recorded the
minutest point I beheld without the slight-
est effort, delay, or mistake. At last the
task was done, and my pencil dropped from
my fingers.

For a while previous to this, however, I
had become conscious that there was a
shining light on my left, that steadily in-
creased until the moment I ceased my task,
when it became in an instant more intense
than the noon-day sun. Quickly I raised
my eyes, and never, were I to live forever,
will I forget what I saw. The dim, shadowy
figure was no longer a dim, shadowy
figure, but the glorified and refulgent spirit
of WASHINGTON, the Father of his Coun-
try, and now a second time its savior.—
My friend, it would be utterly useless for
me to attempt to describe the mighty re-
turned spirit. I can only say that Wash-
ington, as I beheld him in my dream, or
trance, as you may choose to term it, was
the most God-like being I could have con-
ceived of. Like a weak, dazzled bird, I
sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From
the sweet and silent repose of Mount Ver-
non, our Washington had risen once more
to enircle and raise up with his saving
arm, our fallen, bleeding country. As I
continued looking, an expression of sublime
benignity came gently upon his visage, and
for the last time, I heard that slow and
solemn voice, saying to me something like this:

"Gen. McClellan, while yet in the flesh,
I beheld the birth of the American Repub-
lic. It was, indeed, a hard and bloody
one, but God's blessing was upon the na-
tion, and, therefore, through this her first
great struggle for existence, he sustained
her, and with his mighty hand brought her
out triumphantly. A century has not
passed since then, and yet the child Repub-
lic has taken her position a peer with
nations whose page of history extends for
ages into the past. She has, since those
dark days, by the favor of God, greatly
prospered. And now, by very reason of
this prosperity has been brought to her
second great struggle. This is by far the
most perilous ordeal she has to endure.—
Passing, as she is, from childhood to op-
erating maturity, she is called on to accom-
plish that vast result, self-conquest, to
learn that important lesson self-control,
self-rule, that in the future will place her
in the van of power and civilization. It is
here that all nations have hitherto failed;
and she, too, the Republic of the earth had
God not willed otherwise, would, by to-
morrow's sunset, have been a broken heap
of stones cast up over the final grave of
human liberty.

But her cries have come up out of her
borders like sweet incense unto Heaven,
and she will be saved. Thus shall peace,
once more come upon her and prosperity
fill her with joy. But her mission will not
then be yet finished, for, ere another cen-
tury shall have gone by, the oppressors of
the whole earth, hating and envying her
position, shall join their hands together and
raise up their hands against her. But if
she still be found worthy of her high call-
ing, they shall surely be discomfited, and
then will be ended her third and last great
struggle for existence!

Thenceforth shall the Republic go on in-
creasing in goodness and power, until her
borders shall end only in the remotest cor-
ners of the earth, and the whole earth
shall, beneath her shadowing wings, be-
come a Universal Republic. Let her in
her prosperity, however, remember the
Lord her God; her trust be always in Him,
and she shall never be confounded.

The Heavenly visitant ceased speaking,
and as I still continued gazing upon him,
drew near to me, and raised and spread
out his hands above me. No sound now
passed his lips, but I felt a strong influence
coming over me. I reclined my head for-
ward to receive the blessing, the baptism
of Washington. The following instant a
peal of thunder rolled in upon my ears, and
I awoke. The vision had departed, and I
was again sitting in my apartment, with
everything exactly as it was before I fell
asleep, with one exception.

The map, on which I had dreamed I had
been marking was literally covered with a
network of pencil marks, signs, and fig-
ures. I rose to my feet, and rubbed my
eyes, and took a turn or two about the
room to convince myself that I was really
awake. I again seated myself, but the
pencil marks were as plain as ever, and I
had before me as complete a map and re-
pository of information as though I had spent
years in gathering and recording its de-
tails. My mind now became confused with
the strange and numberless ideas and
thoughts that crowded themselves into it,
and I involuntarily sank down on my
knees to seek wisdom and guidance from
on high. A I arose, refreshed in spirit,
that same solemn voice seemed to say to
me from an infinite distance:

"Your time is short! Tarry not!"

In an instant, thought became clear and
active. Hastening couriers, with orders
to have executed certain manoeuvres at
certain points, (guiding myself by that
new to my eyes, unearthly map.) I threw
myself into the saddle, and long ere day-
light, galloping like the tempest from post
to post, and camp to camp, had the happi-
ness to divert the enemy from his object,
which, my friend, I assure you, would have
proved entirely successful, by reason of
the last piece of treachery, had not Heav-
en interposed.

That map is looked upon by no human
eye save my own, and therefore treachery
can do us no harm. I have on it every
whit of information that I need—infor-
mation that the enemy would give millions
to keep from us. The fate of the war is set-
tled.

The rebellion truly seems very formida-
ble, but it is only struggling in the path
of an avalanche. The mighty, toppling
mass of national power and retribution will,
until the proper moment comes, now and
then let slip down upon its victim fore-run-
ners of its approach. And when the prop-
er moment does come, it will sweep down
upon, and forever annihilate disunion, with
a thunder that shall reverberate through-
out the world for ages upon ages to come.

Sir, there will be no more Bull Run af-
fairs.

God has stretched forth his arms, and
the American Union is saved. And our
beloved, glorious Washington shall again
rest quietly, sweetly in his tomb, until per-
haps the end of the prophetic century ap-
proaches that is to bring the Republic to
her third and final struggle, when he may
once more, laying aside the ceremonies of
Mount Vernon, come a messenger of suc-
cess and peace from the Great Ruler, who
has all the nations of the earth in his keep-
ing.

But the future is too vast for our com-
prehension; we are the children of the
present.

When peace shall again have folded her
bright wings and settled upon our land,
that strange, unearthly, wonderful map
marked with the spirit eyes of Washing-
ton looked on, shall be preserved among
American archives, as a precious remind-
er to the American nation, of what, in
their second great struggle for existence,
they owed to God and the glorified spirit
of Washington.

Verily, the works of God are above the
understanding of men.

"You can't do anything with them
Southern fellows," the old gentleman at the
head of the table was saying. "If they
get whipped they'll retreat into them
Southern swamps and bayous along with
the fishes and crocodiles. You haven't got
the fish nets made that'll catch 'em."

"Look here, old gentleman," screamed a
fiery little fellow at the foot of the table.
"We've got just the nets for traitors, in
the bayous or anywhere."

"Hey! what nets?"
"Bayonet!" and the little fellow point-
ed his joke with a fork, spearing a fishball
savagely.

Old Story of the Five Peaches.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

A countryman brought home five peach-
es from the city, the most beautiful that
could be seen. His children saw the fruit
for the first time. On this account they
wondered, and were very much pleased
over the beautiful peaches, with the rosy
cheeks and soft down.

The father divided them among his four
children, and one was received by the mother.
In the evening, as the children were
going to their bed-chambers, they were
asked by their father:

"Well, how did those fine peaches taste
to you?"

"Excellent, dear father," said the eldest,
"it is a beautiful fruit, somewhat acid, and
yet so mild a flavor. I have saved the
stone, and intend to rear a tree out of it."

"Well done," said the father; "that I
call prudently providing for the future, as
it becomes a husbandman."

"I have also eaten mine up," said the
youngest, "and thrown away the stone, and
mother gave me the half of hers. Oh, it
tasted so sweet, and melted in one's mouth."

"Well," said the father, "to be sure, you
have not acted prudently, but very natu-
rally, as children are wont to do. For
prudence there is still room enough in your
life."

Then began the second son:

"I picked up the stone which my little
brother threw away, and cracked it.—
There was a little kernel therein that tasted
as sweet as a nut. But my peach I
sold, and I have received so much money
for it that I can, when I go to the city,
probably buy twelve."

The father shook his head and said,

"Wise it was, but not in the least child-
ish or natural. May heaven preserve you
from becoming a merchant."

"And thou, Edmund," said the father,
"Candidly and openly answered Edmund,
"I took my peach to our neighbor's son,
the sick George, who has a fever. He was
not willing to take it, but I laid it upon the
bed and came away."

"Well, then," said the father, "who has
made the best use of his peach?"

Then cried they all three:

"Brother Edmund has."

But Edmund remained silent, and the
mother kissed him with tears in her eyes.

Promise-Keeping.—One of the marked
features in this social state in which we
live is the prevalence of promise-breaking.
How few men and women do precisely as
they promise, in all things! How many
fail to keep their word with regard to per-
forming work, paying their bills, and many
other things! Did the tailor have your
coat done just when he promised? Was
the boot-maker prompt when he said your
boots should be done on Saturday night?
Did the milliner come late your work on
the very day you expected? Did farmer
A. let return your shovels and iron bar on
time? Did neighbor Pike pay you that
three dollars which he borrowed last week
as he said he would? Did Patrick Mur-
phy come to work for you last Monday,
according to his agreement, or did you not
see him until Tuesday? Did your domes-
tic, Margaret Mulligan, return the day
after Christmas, as she promised, or did
she return when she got ready? In short,
who among your friends and acquaintances
has been careful to keep every prom-
ise, little and great, at all times? Are
there ten, five, two? If there be one, let
him stand before the world as a bright ex-
ample of rectitude, as beautiful as it is
rare.

"The Temperature of Rooms."—The
Siecle says: "Generally speaking, during
winter, apartments are too much heated.—
The temperature in them ought not to ex-
ceed 15 degrees Centigrade—59 degrees
Fahrenheit—and even in periods of great
cold scientific men declare that 12 or 14
degrees had better not be exceeded. In the
wards of hospitals, and in the cham-
bers of the sick, care is taken not to have
greater heat than 15 degrees. Clerks in
office, and other persons of sedentary oc-
cupations, when the rooms in which they
sit are too much heated, are liable to cere-
bral congestion and to pulmonary com-
plaints. In bed-rooms, and particularly
those of children, the temperature ought
to be maintained rather low; it is even
prudent only rarely to make fires in them,
especially during the night. In addition
to keeping up only a moderate temperature,
the windows of all rooms, whatever the
weather, ought to be opened for a time
every day, so as to renew the air."

Let a youth who stands at the bar with
a glass of liquor in his hand, consider
what he had better throw away—the
liquor or himself.

A child rightly brought up, is like a
willow branch, which, broken off and touch-
ing the ground takes root and flourishes in
any part of the earth.

What is the difference between an at-
tempted homicide and a hog butchery?
One is an assault with intent to kill, and
the other is a kill with intent to salt.

Newport in the Hands of the British.

A DIARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

1779.

March 26. Last night, one Benj. John-
son, late from the Main, with his two
brothers, were taken up and committed to
the King's American Guard—taken in as-
sisting some of the same regiment in de-
serting. A soldier, belonging to the same
regiment, shot himself through the body.
This morning 23 sail of Privateers arrived
from New York. They bring accounts of
the Long Island being cast away in the
late storm, and the greater part lost.

28. Arrived this morning, a fleet from
Long Island, with wood, conveyed by 8
sail—small privateers belonging to New
York.

31. Sailed this morning 7 sail of small
vessels, with part of Fanning's regiment
of Americans on board, and refugees, with
3 small privateers, supposed to get stock.
They steered to the eastward.

April 2. Last night a Continental sol-
dier deserted from the Main and came to
this island.

8. This morning the Privateer that sail-
ed on the 31st of March, returned. They
consisted of refugees, and part of Fanning's
regiment; after cruising some time to the
eastward, they landed at Nantucket and
brought off a number of hogs, a quantity
of oil, and 3 vessels.

11. A flag arrived from Providence,
with women.

12. At 5 o'clock this evening, the 43d
regiment of English, embarked at Banis-
ter's Wharf, bound to Conanicut.

13. Last night, great part of the troops
in the town was in their arms, being under
apprehension of the Provincials landing in
Conanicut, as a great number of men and
boats were seen on the other side.

14. Arrived here, the brig King George,
Master Hazard, from a cruise; have taken
a number of prizes. She brought one in
with her.

This morning was taken off Point Judith,
by a privateer schooner, an armed whale
boat, with 9 men in her. Likewise, came
in from Boston, a whale boat with 2
Frenchmen and a woman.

17. This morning arrived here the let-
ter of Marque brig, called the Knipiton,
from Guadaloupe, bound to New London,
taken by the privateer Trion; the brig being
chased by a frigate, was obliged to
leave her guns overboard and run ashore.

20. Joshua Tophen is appointed Deputy
Inspector of refugees. Last night a
party of 18 refugees embarked in their
boats from this island and proceeded to
Saussey Neck where they took 18 Con-
tinental soldiers and a man and burnt
his house, and returned this morning.

22. Sailed a flag for Providence, with
inhabitants.

May 8. This morning, the Tryon pri-
vateer having had an engagement with a
schooner, she had 1 man killed and 3 wound-
ed. The refugees have returned this
evening from an expedition on Point Ju-
dith; they brought off upwards of 1000
sheep and 40 cattle.

13. This morning sailed the wood fleet,
consisting of 12 sail.

14. Sailed the refugees and 11 sail of
privateers and transports.

15. Six of the wood fleet that sailed on
the 13th, returned; the other six being
taken by the Americans.

17. Last night arrived 15 sail from Long
Island, with wood, conveyed by the
Thames. Fish is stated at so low a price
by the superintendent, or Joseph Wanton,
that the fishermen are discouraged from
fishing. Reported that the refugees are
blocked up by some American frigates.

19. The refugees are all arrived, anchor-
ed and —

20. Went up the river.

21. Returned with some stock and a F.
C. prisoner, and some household furniture.

24. This afternoon, the refugees private-
er Gen. Prescott and Gen. —, went
up the river, and engaged an American
privateer, but returned without success.

28. Last night 3 men deserted from the
Continent to this island; they report that
Charleston, capital of South Carolina, had
surrendered to the British troops under
Gen. Matthews—a reinforcement from New
York—without firing a gun. This morn-
ing the fish boats belonging to this place,
were taken at the mouth of the harbor, by
3 boats from Point Judith; one of the fish
boats carried 2 swivel guns.

29. Last night, the Agent ship called
the Christopher, mounting 20 guns, by ac-
cident took fire and burnt to the water;
with great difficulty the other transports
were saved. They cut her cables, which
occasioned her to drive up towards the
North Battery. This morning 4 continen-
tal soldiers deserted to this place. Two
of the fish boats that was taken on the
28th, are returned with all their fish. They
were treated with every act of kindness.
The armed boat is kept behind.

June 2. This afternoon arrived the Re-
nown, from a cruise. She brought in a
prize, Letter of Marque ship, belonging to
Providence, laden with lumber.

Last night the refugees sailed from
this harbor, and landed at Point Judith
and returned this morning with about 40 cattle,
and two men wounded.

United States Laws.

OFFICIAL.

Passed at the Second Session of the Thirty-seventh Congress.

[PUBLISHED NO. 31.]

AN ACT making appropriations for sundry civil
expenses of the United States for the year ending
the thirty-first of June, eighteen hundred and
sixty-three, and additional appropriations for the
year ending the thirty-first of June, eighteen
hundred and sixty-two.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Rep

The prospect that the American Republic will be relieved from subjugation under the united forces of the Three Powers, has become more encouraging. The effect of a foreign war upon the distracted condition of that country, appears to have been salutary. In the course of events as controlled by the government of the world, what would seem to be fatal is sometimes made the means of strength and security. The invasion of Mexico, may have given the right direction to the thoughts and aspirations of the Mexican mind. External danger is often the cause of internal harmony. The common mind in America is the strongest fortress it can have for the protection of common interests. With this advantage on their side, seldom have a people, resolved to defend themselves at all hazards, been subdued by external force. The moral power of such an effort seems to have held a controlling influence over the destinies of nations. Taking into account the necessary effect of passing as well as active resistance, it may be doubted whether any people can be held in subjugation in spite of such a resolution to be free.

And the moral rather than the physical situation of the Mexican nation, has no doubt had its proper effect upon the European allies, causing them to change, so far as they may have changed, the adopted plan of operations in respect to the existing government of an independent republic on this side of the Atlantic. Later information does not make so much account of any immediate overthrow of the administration of Juarez, and of the inauguration of a new government either with or without the consent of the Mexican people. The world perhaps was not yet prepared to witness such an outrageous proceeding with any degree of approval. At any rate, before resorting to such extreme measures, it has been resolved it appears, to go through the forms at least of negotiation upon the subjects of complaint. The ancient and well settled principles of diplomacy could not with decency be entirely abandoned, for the purpose even of bringing on a conflict in arms upon points in dispute which could be much better settled without a resort to force. Otherwise the world would have cried, "shame upon the heartless tyrants."

According to intelligence received from Vera Cruz of a date including the 3d of March, encouragement is given that England is withdrawing from the Expedition altogether. And though France and Spain have been moving inland, yet their progress has been arrested by a convention agreed upon and signed by the respective parties in the field, for the purpose of opening negotiations at Orizaba, while the allies should occupy certain places for that purpose only. And in the event of not being satisfied with the result of the negotiations, the allies are to resume certain positions which they had previously occupied. The idea is said to prevail with many, that the negotiation already agreed upon will probably end in a settlement of all matters in dispute between the parties. That Mexico will be willing, and perhaps able, to give indemnity for the past and security for the future. And, inasmuch as France and Spain have consented to try this mode of adjustment, it may be safely inferred, that the only matters to be adjusted are the reclamations which are understood to be made upon the Mexican government—and not any demand for that government. Fortunately, for this projected interference with the Mexican Republic, shall extend no further than the enforcement of just reclamations. And more fortunate still, if all that is due to the Three Powers shall be acknowledged and restored under the benign influence of peaceable negotiations. The triumph of good faith is more important to the interests of society, and to the welfare of nations, than any achievement which can possibly be made by the sword.

And the allies with all their superiority, would do well to avoid a campaign in that country. Their troops are said to have already suffered severely from the diseases incident to that climate. And if the lives of men are of any account, it should be remembered, that in all cases of the kind, the ranks are generally thinned more by exposure to disease, than by exposure to the attacks of the enemy. The Mexicans have the advantage in this respect in being insured to the climate. But if unable to pay, they may be compelled to fight in defense of their homes and friends. Our Minister to that government, it is said, has made a liberal proposal to save them from their enemies, that his government would pay the interest on the debts of Mexico to each of the Three Powers, supposing no doubt that they would be content to wait for the principal.

AMONG the serious concerns of the times, the usual annual banquet was held in the city of New York by the Sons of St. Patrick, who assembled on Monday evening at the Metropolitan Hotel for that purpose it appears in unusual numbers. The Society were informed by the presiding member on this occasion, that this was the 78th anniversary in their history, the organization having celebrated the 17th day of March in the year 1784, as the birth day of St. Patrick; the year in which the old thirteen States of the Union were acknowledged to be independent of Great Britain. And it is well that the present does not absorb the attention of all to such a degree that the past shall be forgotten. Without the benefit of historical recollection and historical instruction, no one age of the world, however much advanced in other respects, will be likely to acquit itself with honor and success in the management of the most important affairs which belong to that age. And unless the wisdom of the past shall be respected, the degeneracy of the present may well be regarded as imminent. And those who have been distinguished for goodness and greatness in any nation, will counter benefits upon their successors as long as their examples shall be remembered to be emulated by their successors. But the day on which this celebration took place, was more particularly suggestive of the interests of Ireland. And one of the speakers in the evening of this anniversary took occasion to remind his hearers of the manner in which Ireland had been treated under British rule from the moment of her unfortunate subjugation. The first had been taunted, he said, for their folly in quitting the millinery of British rule for the mud and quack law which composed the American government. And he enumerated the millions of men and women who had made that exchange, and counted up the millions of money which their sufferings in America had enabled them, within the last ten years—to turn for the relief of their friends in Ireland—such had been the disadvantage of mud and quack law in the country of their adoption. It was this which had drained Ireland of her population to swell the tide of emigration to America; this, which had closed forever so many heretofore in that depopulated country though it was not this, but the unequal and unrelenting disposition of British rule, which had wasted the land of Erin, in the last years, to the number of the millions who were not able to escape starvation.

The victory of Gen. Burnside at Newbern, N. C., a full account of which, we publish to-day, has filled the hearts of all loyal people with gladness. The contest was a desperate one and was gained by the sacrifice of many noble and true men who have given their lives that their country may be saved. Rhode Island justly feels proud of the rapid movements of her General, and he has the prayers of all that his success may continue to the end. The bravery of the gallant Fourth as shown by their daring charges will place forever their names among the heroes of the land.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says: "Their position in the line of battle, as ordered by Gen. Parke, was in front of a battery of five guns, the rifle pits or redoubts which were situated immediately in the rear of and protected the right flank of the main battery of nine guns. Until the charge was decided upon by Col. Rodman, the regiment had been firing, like the rest of the line, by companies and otherwise. When the command was given to charge, they went at the double-quick directly up to the battery, firing as they ran, and entering at the right flank, between a brickyard and the end of the parapet. When fairly inside, the Colonel formed the right wing in line of battle, and at their head charged down upon the guns at double-quick, the left wing following irregularly, and going as they could. With a steady line of cold steel, the Rhode Islanders bore down upon the enemy, and, routing them, captured the whole battery, with its two flags, and planted the Stars and Stripes upon the parapet."

No braver soldiers ever faced an enemy than those comprising the regiment and battalion from this State, and the correspondent further says:—

"While all the regiments engaged in the battle are deserving of high praise for their steadiness under fire, the spirit with which they surmounted the most formidable obstacles, and the fidelity with which they obeyed the commands of their Generals, certain regiments by the peculiarity of their distribution, perhaps, were made more prominent for their gallantry. These were the 24th Massachusetts, 4th Rhode Island, 10th Connecticut, 21st Massachusetts, and 51st New York. When the charge of the 4th Rhode Island had been made, and the colors were carried along the whole length of the main battery, Gen. Burnside asked some one what regiment that was. On being told the 4th Rhode Island, he said, 'I knew it. It was no more than I expected. Thank God, the day is ours.'"

SEVERE and bloody battles continue to be fought, as the flag of the American Union advances. The news from BURNSIDE'S Expedition, giving a reliable account of the capture of Newbern, N. C., at the close of last week, furnishes the details of one of the most desperate encounters, between a numerous and perhaps not unequal force on each side, which has yet been reported in the course of the war. And this appears to have been a battle entirely fought upon the land, the gunboats having been prevented by the fog from joining in the attack, though more or less of the men belonging to the naval service participated in the fight. Gen. BURNSIDE speaks of the victory as the result of a "combined force" upon the land. Some 12 or 13 miles below Newbern, the federal troops were enabled on Thursday evening to reach the shore after some wading from the boats; and they then marched in the mud up the west bank of the Neuse river, and, after taking a series of batteries abandoned by the enemy, they met with his line of earth works extending two miles from the Neuse to the west, and separated from the city by the river Trent in its rear. The fortune of the day was decided on Friday by a successful attack upon their fortifications, though defended at first, it is reported, by 8,000 men and 21 guns. Most of the inhabitants had fled from the city, but after assurances were given and received that the rights of private persons and their property would be respected the people are said in some measure to have gradually returned. And from all accounts it appears, that while this Expedition was supposed to be in danger, Gen. BURNSIDE was achieving a decisive victory which promises to be of great advantage to the cause.

ALL who enjoyed the acquaintance of Hon. WILLIAM H. BATES, of Bristol, will learn of his death with feelings of deep regret. He was a native of New Hampshire, but in early life came to this State and located in Bristol. For more than twenty years he has published and edited the Bristol Phoenix and strove to make it a correct family journal, identified with the interests of the town. Being a man of strict moral character, he ever enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-citizens who upon several occasions have placed him in positions of trust and for several years he has been a member of the General Assembly. At the time of his death he was Collector of the Port of Bristol. He died on Tuesday morning last, after a long sickness aged 61 years.

In the late battle of Newbern, there were about one hundred and fifty Newporters connected with the Fourth regiment and Fifth battalion, but unfortunately we are not called upon to mourn the loss of but one, JOHN TILLINGHAM CLARKE, who was a member of Co. D, Fourth regiment. Mr. CLARKE was a son of JOHN and LYDIA B. CLARKE, and was born November 11, 1837. He was a blacksmith by trade was large, stout built, and we have no doubt done his duty like a good and brave man. Among the wounded was WILLIAM W. DENMAN, reported very slightly. In the Fifth battalion we find the names of EDWIN F. BOSS and EDWARD BOSS, mortally wounded. Mr. JOSEPH BOSS of this city has a son in Co. A, of that regiment whose name is EDWARD T. and it is feared that he may be the unlucky one.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY.—We don't get that good paper now-a-days. We hope the publishers have not cut off their exchange yet. The Mercury is a paper that we seek for first among our exchanges, and not having it is a great loss. Nonchance! Inquirer.

We cannot account for the mischievousness of the name in our direction book, but probably the person who has charge of that department took umbrage at your unjustifiable strictures upon Gen. SHERMAN, and wished to give you a cue.

We are informed that Capt. SAMUEL HOWARD, of this city, Master in the U. S. Navy, was pilot of the Monitor during her encounter with the rebel steamer Merrimack. On the arrival of the Monitor in Hampton Roads, efforts were made to get a pilot, but the position seemed as fraught with danger, no one would volunteer. The fact becoming known to Mr. HOWARD, he volunteered his services, and the success with which he manoeuvred on that occasion shows that his services were of great value.

A son of WILLIAM B. SMITH, Esq., formerly of this city, was on board the frigate Cumberland recently sunk by the Merrimack in Hampton Roads. He succeeded in gaining the shore after the vessel went down.

FINE English Carpets from Auction are advertised in our paper, by the New England Carpet Co., of Boston.

We learn that the U. S. frigate Sanantonio is shortly expected in our harbor, for the greater accommodation of the Naval Academy.

His Honor Mayor JACKSON, left here Thursday evening for Washington.

In the death of Mr. CHARLES B. KING, of Washington, Newport has met with a great loss, for through life he showed the strongest attachment to the place of his birth and the institutions of the place. For some time he has been in failing health, and his death was not unlooked for; but it is no less keenly felt on that account, and his name will long be remembered with respect by a large circle of friends and a community that has always had his best wishes. Mr. KING was born in Newport about 1785, was educated here and became a pupil of Mr. SAMUEL KING, the portrait painter, who was also the instructor of ALLSTON and MANROSE. From Newport he removed to New York where he continued the study of art, and from that city he sailed for England, where he studied most assiduously to perfect himself in his profession. In 1812 he returned to this country, painted for a short time in Philadelphia, and from there removed to Washington, which place he made his home during the remainder of his days, visiting the place of his birth from time to time and always taking a lively interest in the Redwood Library, which institution he has enriched by the gift of upwards of one hundred oil paintings, chiefly from his own pencil.

Through life Mr. KING bore the most unblemished character. His disposition was social, his pursuits elegant. He painted with a very considerable degree of vigor, had an eye for color, and many of his most hasty productions are his best, for he has caught the spirit of the subject, and giving these with effect, the story was told, which was all that was aimed at. This is particularly true in regard to the large number of portraits of Indians who visited Washington from time to time during the artist's life, and who were painted by him in their war paint and wild costume thus preserving the characteristics of a race that has nearly disappeared and will be lost sight of forever.

The reading room and other parts of the Redwood Library are adorned with the pictures of Mr. KING, to which we have referred above. They embrace a wide range of subjects, many of them as he esteemed as his best pictures, and they will be preserved with the most jealous care by the members of the institution, with which his name must henceforth be largely associated.

By a late arrival, which brings newspaper reports from Europe of a date down to the 7th of March, some idea is given of the light in which the fall of Fort Donelson is viewed by a portion at least of the English public. The first effect of the arrival of the Africa carrying the news of this success of federal arms in the West, was to be seen in the London stock market in the advance of various descriptions of stock and particularly of United States securities. The journals on the other side of the Atlantic are of course very highly engaged in canvassing the prospects of our American civil war. The Times, which is by no means to be considered as partial to the federal cause, seems to understand the importance which Fort Donelson must be when in possession of either party. By the capture of that Fort by the North, it sees that a road is opened for further advances into the South; and the obituary of the contest showed the editor that the post was valued on this account in each section. The Times foresees the necessity to the "Confederate Government" of withdrawing a large force from its station in Virginia. But the idea is still indulged in its columns, that the South can prolong the war indefinitely, if indeed the South shall come to that determination. It is in reality the only question made by the Times.

The recent successes of the North are said to have gained only in a country where the allegiance of the population was divided, one class having as great a number of sympathizers as the other. And to penetrate its extensive territory and subdue a population uniformly hostile to invasion, is perhaps rightly supposed to be somewhat more difficult in execution. But it is not denied by our English critic, that the North has shown great tenacity of purpose in the face of many discouraging failures; so many, indeed, that for sometime the fortune of war seemed constantly in favor of their enemies in the South. Europe was not prepared, perhaps, to witness Southern armies ready to meet their enemies in their strongholds; but rather expected to find them intruding themselves in the recesses of their own Southern country. The North nevertheless is admitted to have improved their condition by these recent triumphs, though they may not have "brought the federal government any nearer than before to a reconstruction of the Union."

THE following land sales have been recently made:—

Mr. Samuel Kay has sold to Mr. Joseph Bateman the "X" street house for \$6000.

Mr. William J. Holt has sold to Mr. John Bishop, a house and lot on Dearborn street for \$750.

Mr. Isaiah Goodspeed has sold his house and lot on Elm street, to the Newport and Fall River Railroad Company, for \$2000.

Mr. Edwin Wilbur has purchased a cottage and lot on Kay street, of Mr. William S. Yore, for the sum of \$2000.

Mr. Henry James has purchased the Bessie estate, corner of Spring street and Lee Avenue, for \$6000.

For railroad purposes, the city has purchased of John C. Newman, about one and a half acres land, for \$1,487. Of George C. Armstrong, about five and one-half acres of land for \$1,826. Of J. Prescott Hall, one and one-half acres of land for one dollar.

REV. S. W. COONSELL delivered a lecture on the History of Methodism in Rhode Island, last Sabbath evening in the Marlboro' street Church. This gentleman is distinguished for his knowledge of Civil and Ecclesiastical History, and justly merits the title of Historian. The facts in the lecture were well arranged, of an interesting character, and evinced much research, and retention of memory on the part of the lecturer. It drew many more audiences in the State and elsewhere, may be favored with this interesting lecture.

A FRIENDLY READER.

A few days since Senator KENNEDY of Maryland offered a resolution, asking the Secretary of the Navy why the Naval School was removed from Annapolis and if the causes still exist. On Thursday Secretary WELLES answered the resolution by stating that the School was removed from Annapolis on account of "disloyalty of its inhabitants and that he shall continue it at Newport, until otherwise instructed."

Rev. Dr. JACKSON will preach at the Second Baptist Church to-morrow morning, at half past 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon, Rev. Dr. JACKSON will preach at the usual hour, half past 2 o'clock. On this occasion, the concluding session of the Lord's prayer. The Sabbath School Convention will take place in the evening at 7 o'clock.

We would call attention to the Lecture on Slavery in our advertising columns.

CHARLES VERNON EDUCATION.—What makes the difference between an uneducated man and a man of education? Why is one man honest, another dishonest? Why is one truthful, another untruthful? Why is one open and candid, another hypocritical and deceitful? These are subjects that have never yet received sufficient attention from mankind. When thoroughly examined and understood, it will probably be conceded that man is a creature of education, and that education is a mere inductive process, and that the letters of a general rule and the progress of the species, the character of men is ever dependent upon the nature of their education, and that of their ancestors, whose peculiarities—both physical and moral—are inherited, but which an education different from their own may change. But what is education? Is it simply learning of the spelling and other books at school? The spelling branches taught in our seminaries of learning are but a part, and the smallest part, of education. Every thought and thing that finds entrance in the mind, is an education for good or evil; and the mind of the child is so susceptible, that the education which he receives, whether it be in the words spoken by his tongue, and the actions are sure to speak louder and with most effect to the intuition of the child. He copies after what he sees his parents do, what he hears them say. The one thing has substance to it—it is a thing; the other is mere air, a myth. It is the same with the child, for the parent, the words spoken by his tongue, and the actions are sure to speak louder and with most effect to the intuition of the child. He copies after what he sees his parents do, what he hears them say. The one thing has substance to it—it is a thing; the other is mere air, a myth. It is the same with the child, for the parent, the words spoken by his tongue, and the actions are sure to speak louder and with most effect to the intuition of the child. 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